

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



VOLUME XXXVII: NO. 12.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

WHOLE NUMBER 1885.

BOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT

OF

CHU.

all Disease of the Urinary

or Incontinence of the Urinary

or of the Bladder, Kidney,

Milky Disease, or Bright's

Disease, or Bright's Disease,

Female or Child Disease,

and from youthful Indolence

Nervous Debility, & those

of the Brain, Trembling, Loss

of Head, Rash of Blister, Pain in

the Head, & Consumption,

as well as from an

inflammation of the system,

which HELPS

HIS

no equal in Strength

or Power to cure the

diseases of dissipation or

Life.

HIS is unequalled by any

remedy, & is a

cure for all

diseases of both sexes.

DIGESTION.

Headache,

Coughs, Diarrhoea,

In the Mouth, Palpitation,

Kidney, & other

symptoms are

cured by H.

HIS

digestive

system, & the

digestion is

restored.

COUNTERS.

in steps engraved

fac-simile of my

proprietary Remedy.

OLD

EVERWHERE

ELMBOLD,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Genuine Preparation.

THE

SUFFERING.

Editorial.

BACK TO THE FARMS.

There is a wide interest manifested in the

propose to organize local associations

for the purpose of aiding men out of employ

to settle on farms which are

becoming the vogue. We recently noted

the existence of one such organization

in the state of New England.

The feeding of cattle in New England

where the summers are short and the winters

are long, enters largely into the determination

of the profits of the farm. It is unwise

to say that cattle will eat just so much

and that the cost of feeding cannot be regulated

either by careful observation or the knowl-

edge given by the chemical analysis of food.

This matter of feeding is still in its infan-

cy—and the question of the economy of

steaming food, feeding roots and cutting

fodder, are yet new to many farmers.

We are gratified to be this week to

present the result of the experience of one

of our most observing and well known farm-

ers, the Hon. George S. Boutwell, on his

Chestnut Hill farm at Groton, Mass.

The following is Governor Boutwell's

statement:

"My herd of cattle is Bull, one 2 years and

one 3 years old, and one 4 years old....

Cows giving milk....

Cows not in milk....

practices to make it either pleasant or profitable. I still cling strongly to the belief that with the man who has the money and the men for the business, forming in New England will certainly pay. Such a man can live more independently, surround himself with more of the comforts of life and make as much money with ten or fifteen thousand dollars invested as nine-tenths of the people who have the same capital employed in other branches of industry. I hold that the four great remedies for worn out New England farms, are sleep and hops, clover and corn. As my work lessens I will give you my views of what is to be the "Breeding of the Perfect Cow." A. B. C. Fairhaven, Mass.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1877.

The European news shows a larger interest than usual, as it shadows forth possibilities which all men can view only with deep concern.

Buying gifts for Christmas appears to be the chief business now going on. The stores are crowded and the streets are full. Everything is lively and people wear a cheerful look.

Turkey explains that she did not issue her circular to the other powers of Europe because she was in extremity, but because she is ready to treat on the basis of Russia's complaints before engaging in the war.

Mr. Edward Kinnsell is exercising his peculiar gift in New York with marvellous success. He raises the debts from the shoulders of churches.

It is extremely gratifying to be able to state to the readers of the *Ploughman* that never in its history has it been in so vigorous and healthy a condition as at the present time. Its list of subscribers is constantly lengthening by its own merits. The Bassans are still present making a forward movement, and England will have to put up with a good deal of it. The public has shown a remarkable strength in an extended list of States. For the next year it will show the benefit of all this accumulated friendship in the quantity and character of what it purports to give to its widening circle of readers. A live agricultural journal is a weekly necessity to the farming community, and the *Ploughman* aspires to be all the time. With its careful and thorough editing, its brilliant list of contributors, its steadily increasing number of subscribers, and the wide influence now freely conceded to it by the public, it has a good future.

The good weddings continue as plentiful as ever.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman* writes that potato bugs in large quantities are in winter quarters around old walls. In the present mild, open weather the farmers have a grand opportunity to destroy them in large numbers, by burning the old dead grass, leaves, brush, &c., and thereby receive a twofold benefit.

CHRISTMAS.

This sacred annual holiday falls on Tuesday, next day, as everybody knows. The preparations for it have been going on some time, and the general idea of the season of Winter, and it is pointedly indicated by the approach of the year's end.

The Old South Fair.—The total sum realizable by the Fair is the conservation of the Old South Fair, and it has been made up to the present with the present issue, but had been received in all.

The Christmas tree is a great success.

The Christmas tree.—There is a great deal of fun and merriment in the winter.

The Christmas tree is a great success.

The Christmas tree is a

The Poet's Corner.

BREAK OF DAY.

Cruel white waves in sad undore
Break the heart of the morn.
Far in the distance as eye can reach,
Only a long strip of sandy beach.
Backward and forward, to left, to right,
Blacker the darkness upon the night.
Rugged and silent the mountains loom,
Pitties shadow of coming doom!
Is not the heart of the swelling day
Over the ocean as great as the ocean?
Waiting, I watch on the shore in vain;
Fast thrills my heart with its bitter pain.
Turn from the desolate moaning sea;
It hath no path in the life or the tree.
Dreary the path where no flowers bloom
By rugged shore through the gloomy gloom.
The morn is dark, the ocean feet.
It is not, despatching, the fair goest
From pain no longer a coward shrink;
Though the cup is bitter, the lips must drink.
Earthward no more turn thy tearful gaze;
Who works in earnest, in earnest prays.
The rough dark road thou wouldest fain forget?
Upright and onward! The end is not yet.
Lo! the mountainous ocean, on the shore night,
With a glory of hope and light.
Dark is the valley; the sea is gray;
But the hill-top barks, the beacon of day.
A fiery shaft from the golden East.
Eulizes the after where God is priest.
Through the shimmering gold of breaking day
A white-winged sail is spurring its way.
All blessed Day, full of hope new-born.
Bring the love in My heart to the dawn!
The end is not yet. Life has just begun.
—ELIAS GRAY, in *Harper's Magazine* for Jan.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the *Massachusetts* & *loughnan*.

DAVID AND I.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY CORPORAL SQUIR.

Author of "A Trip Southward," "Nadia,
Stakes," "Corporal Squir on the F.W. &c."

Continued from last week.

CHAPTER XLV.

David said he found the mate so sound asleep that it was a hard matter to wake him; which would indicate, certainly, that he had not a very heavy load on his mind.

"I am sure," said David, "that the mate was trying to deceive us, for he was up twenty-four hours, looking for us, and gave him the credit of having been asleep, at all events."

It was some moments before the mate came up, and he did not seem fairly awake even then. He rubbed his eyes, and looked to windward, and then asked David if the wind had shifted to eastward any more since it had done so last night.

"Yes, sir," said David, "but the wind has not changed, and, hiding him good night, as he had four hours before, we went down again to our berths, and in no very particular hurry."

I think it was the steward's voice that awoke me. At least he was the voice of the mate, and he did not seem to be the mate.

David heard them, and then called from his berth to know what the trouble was.

"From present indications we are prisoners," said the doctor.

David at once leapt from his berth, and going out where they were, asked the doctor.

"That we are prisoners, Mr. Bias—nothing more. The cabin door is closed, as you will observe, and I have come to the conclusion that it is securely fastened outside."

"What—what does that mean?" gasped David.

"Simply that we are prisoners, as I have always been reading, Mr. Tisbury is probably anxious for us to prevent our running into any harm."

"I am more inclined to think it was Mr. Tisbury," said the doctor.

"Well, you seem cool about it, anyhow."

"I always avoid excitement, Mr. Bias; it is a good way to keep your mind in health, and so wholly opposed to calm reflection."

"But what has us stowed here for, do you suppose?"

He has not yet explained that; indeed I have had no communication with Mr. Tisbury this morning, as yet."

"On deck?" said David, without questioning the doctor further; and then for a moment remained silent; but no answer came.

"I am back there!" repeated David, louder than before.

"What's wanting?" asked a voice, which I recognized as the doctor's, near the skylight grating above.

"I am afraid we have been taken in order that we may be quite secure?" The crew may possibly overpower you, and then we should be wholly at their mercy."

"We're running down, and are waiting awhile," David called again. "On deck, then! But no response came to this last call."

"He's shown his all, at all events," said David, very soberly. "But you all suppose he really intends to murder us, do you?"

"I infer not," said the doctor; "for he could have done that much more readily while we were asleep. It is hardly probable that he will murder us. I am more inclined to think he will turn back, and put us ashore at some point on the coast of the Campagna coast."

"You're hit," said he; "the 'brig is heading 'sou'-west. We're running down for the Campagna coast, you're hit."

"But what can Mr. Tisbury's object in doing that, I asked, for by this time I had rung the bell?"

"Simply to put us on shore, Mrs. Bias."

There is really no cause for alarm, Mr. Bias," the doctor replied with an approving coolness. "If you will just explain where it would be better to be murdered and pitched into the sea, I will be very happy to listen to you; or in what manner we could better ourselves by ininating to the mate that he is doing wrong; and, if you will do that, I will be greatly gratified."

"Fortunate!" cried David. "Fortunate! I should think you had a pirate mind, you're hit."

"Where are those pistols, Doctor? Just bring them out, and see what can be done."

"How can we get those pistols?" said David.

"I am sure you are getting excited, Mr. Bias," the doctor replied with an approving coolness. "If you will just explain where it would be better to be murdered and pitched into the sea, I will be very happy to listen to you; or in what manner we could better ourselves by ininating to the mate that he is doing wrong; and, if you will do that, I will be greatly gratified."

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